

VOL. XIV.-No. 353.

DECEMBER 12, 1883.

Price, 10 Cents



PUBLISHED BY
KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

NEW YORK
TRADE MARK REGISTERED 1878.

OFFICE No. 21-23 WARREN ST.

"ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AND ADMITTED FOR TRANSMISSION THROUGH THE MAILS AT SECOND CLASS RATES."



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OFFICE: Nos. 21 & 23 WARREN STREET,
NEW YORK.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

(United States and Canada.)	
One Copy, one year, or 52 numbers, - - - - -	\$5.00
One Copy, six months, or 26 numbers, - - - - -	2.50
One Copy, for 13 weeks, - - - - -	1.25
(England and all Countries in the Berne Postal Treaty.)	
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EDITOR - - - - - H. C. BUNNER

We cannot undertake to return Rejected Communications. We cannot undertake to send postal-cards to inquiring contributors. We cannot undertake to pay attention to stamps or stamped envelopes. We cannot undertake to say this more than one-hundred-and-fifty times more.

Puck is on Sale in London, at THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS COMPANY, 11, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street; in Glasgow, at G. F. ALLAN'S, 31 Renfield Street; in Paris, at TERQUEM'S, 15 Boulevard Saint Martin, and on file at the *Herald* Office, 49 Avenue de l'Opéra. In Germany, at F. A. BROCKHAUS'S, Leipzig, Berlin and Vienna.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

There is a remarkable feature about the present Congress. That remarkable feature is Mr. Speaker Carlisle. He absolutely represents a principle. Not the kind of principle of which Mr. ex-Speaker Keifer is the embodiment; but a good honest and distinct idea. Mr. Carlisle is for Tariff Reform. In other words, he is a Free-Trader, and he strikes the key-note of what may be the biggest plank in the platform of the Democrats for next year's campaign. Of course, Mr. Carlisle states that he has no intention of interfering with the existing state of things. Perhaps he has not; but will he be able to help himself when the pressure comes? Owing to our peculiar system of conducting legislative business, the Speaker is a very important individual—not much less a person than the President.

The Speaker, as we have pointed out, except as an impartial presiding officer, ought to have no more influence over legislation than the humblest member of the House of Representatives. But the country in its wisdom seems to think that a Speaker should be an active partisan, and we do not suppose that any little protest of ours will alter the abominable system. However, we must take things as they are, and the situation is something like this: Since the Republican party refused to go in the way they were expected to in the last New York State election, the Democrats have had to decide on some policy, and to make the most of their power in the House of Representatives as long as they

hold it. As the length of time they may manage to stick there is uncertain, hay must be made while the sun shines.

The Democrats all looked at one another for inspiration, advice, and it might almost be said leadership. Mr. Carlisle boldly steps forward with his Free Trade views, and absolutely forces a policy on his party. He, in spite of anything he may say to the contrary, is the only man who has had the boldness to come forward and avow his opinions, thus giving his opponents something to talk about. There is much more significance in the election of Mr. Carlisle than the average citizen thinks. It creates a real issue, such as there has not been since the close of the war. It will give the Democrat an opportunity of voting for a Republican candidate for President, while the Republican will be able to enjoy the same luxury with respect to a Democratic candidate. In short, the struggle is coming between Protection and the principle of Free Trade.

Mr. James G. Blaine having almost given up the idea of running for the Presidency, has been relieving his plethoric mind by letter-writing. In one of these compositions he has had his say about the Internal Revenue. He does not think that the whiskey tax should be abolished. It yields too much for that. The people should not be freed from taxation; but in order to arrange things pleasantly all around, he makes the grandly original proposition that the money should be stored in the Treasury, and then distributed among all the States according to their population. If the tax were distributed according to the consumption of whiskey in each State, we should find that Mr. Blaine's own State would have paid more than half the tax; for, as far as we can discover, Maine has been doing all the drinking ever since she had a temperance law. Anyway, Mr. Blaine ought to take the prize for Political Economy and Statesmanship.

The fashionable youth of limited means is now downhearted and unhappy. He reminds one of the turkey that plods dejectedly around a day or two before Christmas. Two years ago that article of apparel familiarly known as the single-barreled stud first came into fashion. The young society dupe yearned to own one, and be on a par with Courtlandt McManus, Patrick Stuyvesant, and other scions of fashion. But the young man didn't have the necessary amount of money to purchase a diamond, and a diamond was the only kind of jewel he would wear.

So he made up his mind to save all the money he could, and purchase a solitaire diamond stud as soon as possible. He then stopped smoking cigarettes, except those that were given him by his friends, and sucked harder on his cane to make up for it. He bought two-dollar Derbys, and put in hat-bands to cover the name of the obscure maker. And then he went out at noon and ate ready-made pie for his luncheon, and washed it down with water, until he had the necessary capital to make the investment.

About a month ago he had hived the required amount, and purchased a diamond stud, and just as he began to feel happy, he learned that the single-barreled stud has gone out of fashion, because policemen and base-ball players wear them. And now the young man has a diamond on his hands that he can't sell for half what he paid for it. But if he is level-headed, he will lay it away in a trunk, and if he ever gets engaged to be married, it will come in all right for an engagement-ring.

PUCK'S PROSPECTUS.



You hear me!
I am going to have a prospectus for

1884

just the same as all the rest of the papers. And I want it distinctly understood that when I set out to prospect, I can do it with an airy grace that no other publication can rival. And what is more, I can build up an interesting, edifying and appetizing prospectus without the slightest exaggeration or extravagance of statement, or any monkeying with the truth whatever, as you will observe.

During the year 1884 there will be a Presidential campaign. This exciting event has been arranged solely for Puck's benefit.

For, what is the prime necessity of a Presidential campaign?

A comic paper.
A comic paper illustrated in colors.
A comic paper illustrated in colors and filled with sparkling gems of literature.

A comic paper illustrated in colors and filled with sparkling gems of literature, and edited and managed with care and ability, with independence and with a clear understanding of the politics of the country.

This paper.
I have laid in a large and complete stock of campaign lies; and several new pots of color, and I think I am fully prepared for anything that may come along.

And in
1884
as ever, you will find me live, chromatic, independent, cheerful, honest, acrobatic and largely on deck.

For
1884
I have engaged for my star series of articles a brilliant set of papers on

Trichinae and Hogs in General,

WITH

Autobiographical Reminiscences.

BY

BISMARCK.

Avoid the rush by subscribing to me through

KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN,

21—25 Warren St.,

NEW YORK.

Having thus established my versatility and veracity—
I remain Yours for fun,

PUCK.



THE TOWN TERRIER.



While making my usual weekly purchases of groceries, yesterday, in the Bowery, I thought I detected at the end of the store a face that was familiar to me. I walked in that direction, and felt my hand grasped warmly. Then I saw that my friend was a portly lady clad in a rich Irish poplin dress.

"No," I said: "it cannot be," as I started back in ill-disguised astonishment.

"Yes, it is," answered the voice.

"Why, Your Majesty," I continued: "I never expected to meet you here. Do you often visit this neighborhood?"

"Quite frequently," responded Queen Victoria of England, for it was no less a personage:

"I can get better groceries here than in London; besides, I like the exercise of coming over."

"Why does Your Royal Nibbs wear a poplin dress?" I inquired, as I gazed upon the handsome fabric.

"Well, you see, it is in order to obtain the Irish vote and good-will. Whenever there is any trouble in Ireland, I just order a poplin dress or two from Dublin, and things settle down like magic."

"Good-day, ma'am," I remarked, as I took my leave: "Give my love to Alexandra, Bertie Wales and all the folks, and when you do your next week's marketing, come and look me up."

It may not be generally known that President Arthur never dots his *i*'s or crosses his *t*'s. He has made a contract with John L. Sullivan, who is the best man in the world to put the dotlet on the *i*.

I hear that a movement is on foot for turning the Grand Central Dépôt in Forty-second Street into a billiard-room. The success of the West Shore road is the main cause. Doctor Mary Walker and W. H. Vanderbilt will be the proprietors, and there are to be three thousand seven hundred and twenty-one tables.

Carlisle sent for me the day before yesterday, to consult with me in regard to committees. I went, and the following arrangements were made: The Committee on Buckwheat-Cakes is to consist of Henry Irving, Matthew Arnold and Tony Pastor. The Committee on Peanuts and Caramels—Ben Butler, Billy Birch and Jay Eye See. The Committee on Whiskey-and-Seltzer—Samuel J. Tilden, Henry James and the Czar of Russia. The Committee on Bay-Rum and Shaving—The Marquis Tseng, Anna Dickinson and John Kelly. The Committee on Boot-Blackening—Charles A. Dana, Slade, the Maori, and Jumbo.

There is some talk about getting up a strong musical ticket for next year's Presidential election. Two are spoken of, both of which it must be confessed are exceedingly strong. For President, Adelina Patti; for Vice-President, Italo Campanini.

The rival ticket is Christine Nilsson for President, and Susan Smith or Dr. Damrosch for Vice. I am given to understand that the Green-back party will support both tickets, and that Colorado and Nevada will go solid for them.

I had occasion, the other day, to visit Yonkers, and thought I would inspect Greystone. When I entered the hall an extraordinary sight met my view. There was old Samuel J. Tilden busily engaged in putting up Tilden's "Bloom of Youth," a new patent restorer. The whole place was turned into a huge laboratory.

"Why have you gone into this business, Uncle Samuel?" I demanded.

"My dear boy," said Uncle Samuel, as he turned down his spotless shirt-sleeves: "what was I to do? The *Sun* keeps supporting William S. Holman for the Presidency, and I must find some way of distracting my mind. Never, my boy," he continued: "consent to become a candidate for President, or, if you can't help yourself, don't be elected. Promise me, old fellow, that you will not."

The ancient sage fell on my neck, and then looked up at me imploringly out of the corner of his left eye, and murmured in silvery accents:

"I felt, my son, that I could trust you."

THE HORN IN HISTORY.



BLOWING.



BLOWN OFF.

Puckerings.

A POLICY-SHOP—The White House.

A HAT-BAND—The Hatters', of course.

THE SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE—Your Mother-in-Law.

THE LADDER OF SUCCESS—The Steps of the Savings-Bank.

THE QUICK AND THE DEAD—The Messenger-boy—what he claims to be and what he is.

AN OHIO man has nailed a railroad company for fourteen hundred dollars damages for the loss of his toe.

"LET'S HAVE a couple more of those wafers," said the latest boarder, pointing at a dish of clam-fritters.

It is suggested that Monsignor Capel condense his three lectures on Marriage, Family and Divorce into one long one, and call it Chicago.

'TIS THE voice of the slugger; I heard him complain:

"J. L. S. hit me too early; I must challenge again."

A NEW PROFESSIONAL Bible will soon be issued for the use of theatrical people. The Family Record will contain blanks not only for Marriages and Deaths, but for Divorces.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE—

Dear Steve:

Come around next Sunday, and we'll go fishing.

Yours,

CHET.

WHY is it that the train that carries the most emigrants, and goes the slowest, and never notifies the people of the names of stations, and has the warmest ice-water you ever tasted, is always called the accommodation train?

TWENTY-FOUR OSTRICHES were recently shipped from Cape Town, Africa, to San Diego, Cal. A syndicate is being formed to have a supply of these birds in New York, to devour boarding-house clam-fritters and spring-chickens.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS WROTE.

"* * * * * Miss Ellen Terry's strident gait * * * * *"—*Harford Post*.

STRIDENT, *a.* [Lat. *stridens*, p. pr. of *stridere*, to make a grating or creaking noise * * * * *] Characterized by harshness; grating. "A strident voice."—*Thackeray*.—*Webster's Dictionary*.

THE HUMORIST oft

To himself doth say,

In language soft:

"Passing away!"

And then he mutters, and, muttering, muts:

"Where are my whilom festive butts,

The people who made my early day

At building jokes so happy and gay?

Passing away, passing away,

Pretty soon there 'll none be left,

And I shall be sad and sore distrest;

But then I'm blest

If I shall be at all bereft,

Because, when they all have passed away,

I shall sling my pen in a manner gay,

And make my jokes on the overcoat,

And the slippery sidewalk smooth as tin,

The beautiful snow, the banana-skin,

The clamless chowder, the quail, the goat.

A PIG IN A BOX.

One day last week two men were carrying a pig down to the dépôt for shipment. The pig weighed at least two hundred and fifty pounds, and seemed perfectly happy, cooped up as he was in a box made of pieces of wood about as wide as ordinary fence-pickets.

A box made in this style not only secures a pig, but gives him plenty of air, and a splendid opportunity to look out and enjoy any dreamy landscape that may be lying around.

This is probably the Pennsylvania method of shipping a live pig, and may or may not have been invented and patented by William Penn. Anyhow, the pig appeared to be perfectly contented. But it was different with the men who were carrying the coop. They were biting their lips to keep their grips, and struggling along under great difficulties.

One carrier was about six feet high, and the other something like five feet two. When the short man stood up straight and the tall man bent over to even matters, everything went well; but as soon as the tall man forgot himself and took a stretch, it would suddenly tip the pig over on the short man's side of the coop, and almost throw that individual off his balance.

After they had walked a little way, they put the coop down, in order to take a rest and wind handkerchiefs around their hands for a fresh trial.

Then the short man said:

"I've helped lug pianos up steep stairways, but I never undertook anything like this before."

"Neither did I," replied the tall man: "and I've carried the hod. Why, I would rather climb a greased pole with a hod of bricks on my shoulder any day than carry pigs in boxes."

"So would I," said the short man: "I have often carried dead pigs twice as heavy as this one on my back; but it seems they are always heavier alive. You have seen men carry half a dead cow, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"But did you ever see a man who could carry half a live cow—"

"Oh, let's get to the dépôt and have it done with," replied the tall man: "the sooner we get him there the better, for the train will soon be here."

So they got their favorite grips and started.

The pig was lying up against one side of the coop, sleeping peacefully, and utterly oblivious of what was going on. While he slept his flesh bulged out between the slats, and as the men were carrying him past a gate, it swung suddenly open and caught the pig on the bulge, and rasped the hair off and made it as red as fire.

But the gate didn't do all the rasping. After the gate got through, the pig came on, and rasped the air with one of the most piercing cries ever heard. That cry pretty near raised the hats off the men who were carrying him, and several people on their way to the dépôt quickened their gait, under the impression that they had just heard the locomotive-whistle.

Then the pig abruptly shifted his position, and the tall man straightened suddenly up, and down came the coop and pig on the toes of the short man, and he let off a shriek that you could hear a mile away. This frightened the pig, who delivered a long, fiendish trill that made the foliage rustle.

About this time several boys came up and offered advice, each one having a different idea of how the thing should be done. They were impolitely rebuked for their impertinence, and the pig was again picked up and carried toward the dépôt. For about an eighth of a mile all went well, and the immediate future seemed bright and glossy. It was a sort of patent-leather future, and the pig-carriers were happy because they hadn't much further to travel.

"Let's take him out and drive him," suggested the short man.

"We couldn't get him back again, for we haven't time; and he might get away and run over into the swamp."

This seemed reasonable to the short man, who said nothing, but plodded on his way until he suddenly stepped in a hole made by a recent rain-storm and lost his balance, letting the coop down suddenly, and starting the pig on another wild outburst of song.

"When I carry another pig in this way," said the short man: "I want a pair of boxing-gloves on my hands and another pair on my feet, to deaden the force of the case when it comes down either on my hands or on my feet."

"Lend us that wheelbarrow, Johnny?" inquired the tall man.

"How long do you want it?" asked the boy.

"Just to take this pig down to the station."

The boy lent the wheelbarrow, and in a very few minutes the pig was on it, and moving along much more to his satisfaction.

Just before getting to the dépôt there was a steep hill to descend, and the wheelbarrow seemed a vehicle that would make that part of the trip much easier than it otherwise would have been.

They each took hold of a handle, and held the wheelbarrow back, that it might not get going too fast.

"Easy, now, easy," said the tall man.

"All right," replied the short man.

"Now look out for that rut."

"I'm looking out," replied the short man.

Just at this time, when they felt as though the pig was in the hands of the freight-agent, the wheel of the barrow came off, and down rolled the box on the sidewalk, and over and over down-hill. When it got half way down it broke, and in about three quarters of a second the pig was running through a stretch of wood about a mile off, occasionally looking over his shoulder to see if he was being pursued.

The last seen of the men, they were plodding through a swamp, up to their ears in mud, in pursuit of the pig, while the boy who lent the

barrow was crying on the hill, and watering it with his tears in contemplation of the whaling that awaited him on his return home with the wounded wheelbarrow.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

FREE LUNCH.

A FLY CHAP—The Trout Fisher.

FARM NOTES:

Cockadoodle doo!
Cackle, cackle, cackle!
Bah, bah, bah! etc.

THE MUNICIPAL AUTHORITIES of Paris will seize any American hog products improperly salted. The New York Board of Aldermen should give Paris a wide berth.

A MAN RECENTLY spent half-an-hour trying to sell a ticket for a course of lectures to a rural barber; but he didn't succeed. It is the barber's business to deliver lectures, and not to listen to them.

IT IS REPORTED that "Ouida" has got religion. It is not exactly known where she got it, whether on the fly or as she might take the measles or a cold in her head. Anyhow, let us hope the moths will not get into it.

IT IS suggested that a certain man, who is very slow in his payments, should adopt for his business coat-of-arms the accommodation train of a Western railroad, with a rampant, or rather a dreaming messenger-boy on top of the locomotive.

AMONG THE "Woodford Subjects," at Cornell, is "Magic as a Presentiment of the Powers of Science." This is best exemplified in giving a District Telegraph Messenger-boy a quarter to induce him to carry a note seven blocks within less than half-an-hour.

OLD FRIENDS MUST PART.



REPUBLICAN PARTY (to Keifer):—"LAST TAG!"

On December 3rd the Republican Press United in Condemning Ex-Speaker Keifer in the most scathing terms.

THE ECONOMICAL CRANK.

SOME OF HIS SWEET AND SOCIABLE SAVING WAYS.



Cheaper to read some one else's paper than to buy one of his own.



Every economical man his own office-boy.



One-legged trousers, half-price.



Gives his company plenty of conversation, but no refreshments.



ECONOMICAL CRANK:—"Give me half an oyster on the deep shell, please!"



One orchestra-chair is enough for two.

CUFFY DE JACKSON'S RESOLVE.

The moon dodged back and forth among the inky clouds that swept along the firmament, and the incipient play of the elements betokened a storm.

The gas-lamps at the corners shone in sickly yellow paleness, and the policeman, standing in a protecting doorway, drew his cloak closer around him and slumbered.

It was a bad night in Yamacraw, and yet Cooper-Shop Lane gave evidence of wakefulness in the lights that shone in dim brilliancy through the patched windows, and outlined the old hats and paste-boards and newspapers that tried to atone for missing panes of glass.

The outer stillness was broken by a knock on a door, which was reëchoed the length of the lane. A door was hastily opened, and the number twelve brogan of Cuffy de Jackson, which had been raised to repeat the summons, stood poised in the fitful light, but was immediately and largely withdrawn, and C. de J., brushing past the expectant Diana Jenkins, entered the domicile, and the momentary aperture in the darkness was gone.

Exchanging the customary evening salutations, Cuffy inquired:

"What 's a-gwine on in de lane to-night? Seems to be kinder woke up."

Diana made no answer, only drawing the edge of a white-handled razor more carefully over an oiled hone.

Cuffy smiled in an off-handed manner, as though to invite confidence by exposing his snowy ivories between his rubber-like lips.

Diana also smiled.

"Chickens?" interrogated Cuffy.

"Nuh," said Diana.

"Warrant?" inquired Cuffy.

"Nuh!"

"Well, what 's all dis?" said Cuffy: "I bin into seberal ob de neighbors' houses dis ebenin', an' dere's nuffin but sharpenin' razors an' grindin' razors—an' I wants to know what's up!"

Diana smiled again, throwing the ivory whiteness of her teeth against the brunette background of her Ethiopian face, and exclaimed:

"Look yah, niggah—ain't ye heerd dat de Rastlin' Jacobs 's gwine to gib a picnic to-morrow?"

"No."

"Yes, dey is, an' I'm a-gwine."

A broad and comprehensive grin enveloped Cuffy's face, and, drawing from his hip-pocket a well-worn but good-conditioned razor, he said, in resolute tones:

"Gal, lend me dat grinstone; I 'spect I'll go on dat picnic myself!"

JADE OYLE.

THE DONKEY'S DREAM.

A donkey lay him down to sleep,
And as he slept and snored full deep,
He was observed (strange sight!) to weep,
As if in anguished mood.

A gentle mule that lay near by
The donkey roused, and, with a sigh
And kindly voice, inquired why
Those tears he did exude.

The donkey, while he trembled o'er
And dropped cold sweat from every pore,
Made answer in a fearful roar:

"I dreamed I was a dude!"

ADOLPHUS SILKWORM.

TROCHES.

WE BELIEVE it was a Boston girl who remarked that the remains were "beautifully upholstered."

A CERTAIN CLERGYMAN is traveling through the country with a lecture called "Our Mother Tongue." If he would change the title a little and call it "Our Mother-in-Law Tongue," he would no doubt prove a great favorite with married men.

THE MAN who is poor puts on lots of style, and pretends he is rich, while the man who lays away thousands every year says that he is losing money, and expects to go to the almshouse shortly. This accounts for the hotel-clerk wearing a huge diamond, and the bondholding statesman going around in ready-made clothes that don't fit him, and looking sadly in need of a hair-cut.

A MAN ON the cars having several thousand dollars in greenbacks in his possession, and fearing to go to sleep sitting in his seat, on account of seeing some suspicious individuals in his neighborhood, slyly slipped his money into the Bible belonging to the train, and on the following morning woke up to find his capital gone, and to learn that the men who slept with their cash in their pockets hadn't lost a cent. This fable teaches us that while it is a good thing to be just sharp enough, it is very dangerous to be too smart, and that when the smart man gets left, he is the most colossally left man that ever was left.

THE LAST DROP.



When a man is drinking soup, he never for a moment knows how delicious it is until he has swallowed all in the plate except a spoonful. While the plate is almost full, or nearly half full, the diner doesn't seem to enjoy or appreciate it. He stirs it brusquely around, and goes on talking without paying any attention to it, or treating it with anything like polite consideration. Soup is very much like money: when you have plenty, you set no value on it; but when it begins to decrease, you place upon it a price that is simply outside the pale of reason.

When there is only a spoonful of soup left in your plate, it, of course, obeys the laws of philosophy and spreads itself all over the bottom of the plate, and you almost wear the spoon out trying to scoop it up. After you have made about fifty scoops, there seems to be just as much soup as there was at the start. Then you run the point of the spoon dexterously around the plate, and secure a little in that way. But all the while you wish you could go back about three minutes in your life, and have that plate of soup before you again. Then you would try to appreciate it.

It becomes maddening to think that you cannot get that spoonful of soup, and you make up your mind that you will get it, even if you have to tip the plate up. You can remember perfectly well that during your childhood you were several times severely reprimanded for tipping your soup-plate up, and that at the time you thought it as proper to tip your plate as to tip your tumbler when you drink water. You know now, however, that it is highly improper to tip your soup-plate up, but you also take into consideration the fact that your parents are not at the table to knock you senseless as soon as you perform the deed, and this fact strengthens your determination.

You think some one may see you and circulate a report that you were raised on the plains, and know nothing of the requirements of good society; but this argument you offset by one which you consider equally strong. The latter is that if any one sees you tip your plate, that person may simply regard you as a man of quick impulse. Or he may think you are absent-minded.

And, anyhow, you argue to yourself that it is no worse for you to tip your plate than for Smith to drink his soup from the end of his spoon, or for Jones to eat off his knife, or for Brown to eat pie with a spoon, or for Robinson to open his mouth until he seems an uncouth travesty on a gaping grayhound, and proceed to pick his teeth with his fork.

While these thoughts are surging through you, the waiter stretches forth his hand to seize the plate, but you notice the movement and take hold of the plate yourself, and as the waiter retires, filled with consternation and curiosity, you proceed to tip the plate as covertly as possible. After you have raised it about the fiftieth of an inch some one speaks, and you put that plate down as though it is red hot. A remark totally irrelevant to soup, soup-plates and table etiquette generally will cause you to stop tipping your plate and try to look unconcerned in the hundredth part of a second.

But you want that soup in the worst way,

and the more you look at it, the more you want it. It is like the solitary rosy apple that hangs at the top of the tree late in the autumn. When the apples were gathered, this one was allowed to remain undiscovered until a small boy espied it as he walked along the road one day. He whistled and went on his way; but the next day he saw it again, and he threw a stone at it, missed it, and went on to school. On the way home from school he saw it again, threw two stones at it, missed with both, and then he wanted that apple.

If he had knocked it down with the stone the first day, he would not, in all probability, have gone over the fence after it. He had plenty of apples at home, but the apple he wanted was the identical one that had defied his efforts to bring it down. That apple had defied his efforts to bring it down, just as the spoonful of soup defied you to successfully secure it.

There were barrels and barrels of apples at home, but the boy wanted that one, just as you want that identical spoonful of soup, when there is a tureen full within a few feet of you. And the boy was willing to submit to the rudeness of the dog in order to secure it, just as you are willing to run the risk of being disgraced to get that soup.

Your efforts are noticed at their most maddening period by the lady at the end of the table, who asks, as she stirs it up with the ladle:

"Won't you have some more soup?"

Her kind request seems to you a scorching satire. There is nothing in the world that you would rather have than another plate of soup. But you know that when the lady asked you she did it simply out of politeness, and that she would be frightened half to death by a reply in the affirmative. You think all this in the smallest part of a second, and reply, as though startled out of a dream:

"No, thanks; I have had plenty!"

And as the waiter takes your plate away, you try to smile, while your heart is almost breaking.

There is only one way to get the spoonful of soup that remains in the plate successfully, without tiring yourself out, thrashing the air and the bottom of the plate with your spoon, and that is this: Wait until you are sure no one is looking, and then sponge it up in a piece of bread.

R. K. M.

A RAILROAD PARADOX.

In reply to an inquiry, a conductor recently informed a man that a certain train he wanted to catch had seven sleepers.

"That is a paradox," said the traveler.

"A what?" inquired the conductor.

"A paradox."

"What's that?" asked the conductor.

"A proposition seemingly absurd," replied the traveler.

"I don't understand," said the conductor.

"I will explain," replied the traveler: "There were once seven sleepers—the bee, the bat, the butterfly, the cuckoo, the swallow, the horse-car and the district messenger-boy. Are they on the train?"

"No, sir."

"But you said they were a moment ago; now you say they are not. The next thing you know, you will be telling a man Altoona is west of the Rocky Mountains, and a minute later saying that it is on Long Island."

"I stated that there are seven sleepers on that train."

"Are they in boxes, on ice?"

"No, sir."

"Then there are not seven sleepers on that train."

"Yes, there are."

"Do you know why they are called sleepers?"

"No."

"I am not surprised," remarked the traveler, sarcastically: "for I never met a railroad man that did know anything about a railroad."

The conductor was silent.

"Would you like to know why a sleeping-car is called a sleeper?" asked the tourist.

"I would."

"Well, the term 'sleeping-car' naturally implies a car that sleeps; but it has been changed to 'sleeper' because no one was ever known to have a good solid sleep in one of them."

And the man who had recently been tossed out of an upper berth, and caught on the head by his valise of samples that quickly followed him, turned on his heel and went out on the platform to stretch himself.

THE SECRET of success is not so much in catching on as in holding on after you catch on. Mr. Tilden ought to paste this in his hat.

COMSTOCK'S NEXT MOVE—PROBABLY.



COMSTOCK:—"ARREST THEM ALL—THE LAWS OF DECENCY MUST BE RESPECTED!"

SHAKSPERE'S FRIEND.

The following pathetic note tells its own story. Of course we must apologize to Mr. J—W— for the unappreciative brutality of our "office-clerks," and make all the amends in our power by printing his Mansard-roof version of Shakspeare. We may also suggest to him that there are other fields for his genius. Shakspeare once wrote something about "gilding refined gold"—couldn't Mr. J—W— touch up that faulty bit of verse?

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

The inclosed writing was composed some five years ago and never published. If you think it worthy of acceptance, please inform me; or, if not, return to me through the mail. I called at your office, but was refused an audience by the office-clerks.

Respectfully,

J—W—
— W—nd Street, City.

SHAKSPERE'S SEVEN AGES OF MAN.

A famous poet, shrewd and sage,
Says all the world is but a stage;
That seven ages mark the span
Of life dealt out to mortal man.

THE INFANT.

At first the Infant figures in the play,
Squalling and crying lustily all day,
Clinging so fondly in its nurse's arms,
Who shields its helplessness from every harm.

THE SCHOOL-BOY.

The whining School-boy next—his mother's pride—
With books and satchel dangling by his side;
His course he wends unwilling toward the school,
To grow a wise man or turn out a fool.

THE LOVER.

The Lover next—admires fair Nancy's grace,
And looks enraptured at her smiling face;
Writes foolish sonnets to her hair and eyes;
Beholds his folly and anon grows wise.

THE SOLDIER.

A Soldier next. He girds his armor on,
And struts and swaggers like a Spanish Don;
Goes to the wars; discovers, to his cost,
That warlike honor is but dust and dross.

THE JUSTICE.

Then comes the Justice, with fat capon lined,
Strutting (most pompously) in lordly state—
A senseless nothing, who would fain be great.

Next comes the lean and slippered pantaloon,
With shanks denoting Life's declining noon;
His sight deficient, with his pouch on side,
And youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide.

OLD AGE.

Last scene of all is childhood's second stage,
The reign of peevishness and hoary age:
Yet lingering on, no human hand to save,
With feeble foot-steps tottering to the grave.

LITERARY NOTES.

"Recollections of a Naval Officer," (Captain William Harwar Parker,) published by Charles Scribner's Sons, is not the kind of book we thought it was. What we expect to find among the recollections of a naval officer is the account of the foundering of one of ex-Secretary Robeson's ships on account of some reckless sailor jumping on the deck; or how Mr. John Roach bought half-a-dozen second-rate frigates for seventy-five cents apiece, less ten per cent discount for cash; or how a hundred thousand dollars' worth of repairs can be made on a ten-dollar ship without being conspicuous. These are things we want to know, and not fill ourselves with useless information about gun-rooms, naval tactics, the Mexican War, and life on a man-of-war and sich. These subjects are entertaining enough, but they don't suggest the American Navy.

"The Elocutionists' Annual" was born and raised at the National School of Elocution and Oratory, Philadelphia. It is No. 11 of the family, and Mrs. J. W. Shoemaker, the editor and vice-president of the school, hands her name down to posterity on the title-page. Those who intend to take the stump for 1884 cannot do better than carry "The Elocutionists' Annual" along with them.

THE PENSION AGENCY INDUSTRY.

A FEW OF ITS POSSIBILITIES.



"Photographers, grocers, pressmen, and even a rag-gatherer have added the pension business to their ordinary occupations."—Daily Paper.

560,000 is a large number of anything, especially illustrated journals. Yet this is the quantity of the grand Christmas double numbers of the *Illustrated London News* and the *London Graphic* that have been turned out with lovely colored-plates by Edward Long, R. A., Kate Greenaway, Briton Riviere, R. A., and C. Burton Barker. Both papers are equally good, and there is enough Christmas amusement in them to last for a dozen years. The International News Company has charge of these treasures, and the price per copy is only fifty cents.

J. B. Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia, have just printed a book called "Young Folk's Whys and Wherefores," by Uncle Lawrence. We presume the "Whys" are something like this:

Why doesn't papa get me a pony?

Why doesn't a circus come around every week?

Why does mama always make fun of her neighbors and their clothes?

Why doesn't Christmas come three or four times a year?

Why am I too little to have a toy-pistol?

Why doesn't candy lie around on the earth like stones?

Why don't bananas and oranges grow on every tree?

Why doesn't soda-water come out of the pump?

And

Why does papa always get mad when mama asks him where he was last night?

Any one who craves for light reading to dissipate the gloom of the winter evenings, should at once grapple with the "Annual Report of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution." It is a nice book, bound in shiny deep blue cloth, and shows the operations, expenditures and condition of the establishment for 1881. The result of the coming Presidential campaign may be considered as settled, because we learn from this tome that when crystalline silicon is strongly heated in a current of carbon dioxide, the compound (SiCO)_x is produced.

The next tome on the programme is "The Queen's Body-Guard," by Margaret Vandergrift, a story of American life for girls. The story of American life for girls is usually a vista of ice-cream, caramels, Italian opera, seal-skin sacques, Newport, and diamonds. Such a young woman gets herself up in a style that scares all eligible young men away, and then she wonders why she can't get a husband; but Margaret Vandergrift's story has a better moral.

Answers for the Anxious.

FOREST CITY.—Your card is rather a puzzler:

SAVANNAH, Dec. 10th, 1883.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

Please inform me, in your column of "Answers for the Anxious," of the names of countries embraced in "Berne's Postal Treaty," and oblige
FOREST CITY.

Who's Berne, and what did he want of a postal treaty, anyway? If Berne has any private deal with the Government, and is getting his postage cheaper than advertised rates, we want to know it. We are uncompromisingly opposed to favoritism and partiality in the administration of public affairs; and besides, we want to be let into the scheme, ourselves, if it is working well. And what's this man Berne doing embracing countries? He seems to be a wholesale sort of a mormon—oh, Berne, Berne—yes, you mean the Treaty of Berne. Bless you, boy, that's a place, that isn't a man—that's a place. And as for the countries embraced in the Treaty of Berne—why, look in any postal guide; or—well, just go to the post-office when there is a line at the window and stand behind the woman who is there to buy a one-cent stamp, and just listen. She will want to know when the mail goes out, and if a one-cent stamp is enough, and which is better, a stamped envelope or a postal-card, and whether everybody in the office doesn't read all the postals, and two or three other little things, and before she gets through she will have drawn out enough information to cover your ground—or she isn't the same old girl that we always manage to get next to when we have just two minutes and thirty-seven seconds to catch the mail in.

WHY HE DIDN'T.

TRIOLET.

He saw not the Rhine—

Pray do not deride him.

Her eyes were so fine,

And her voice so divine,

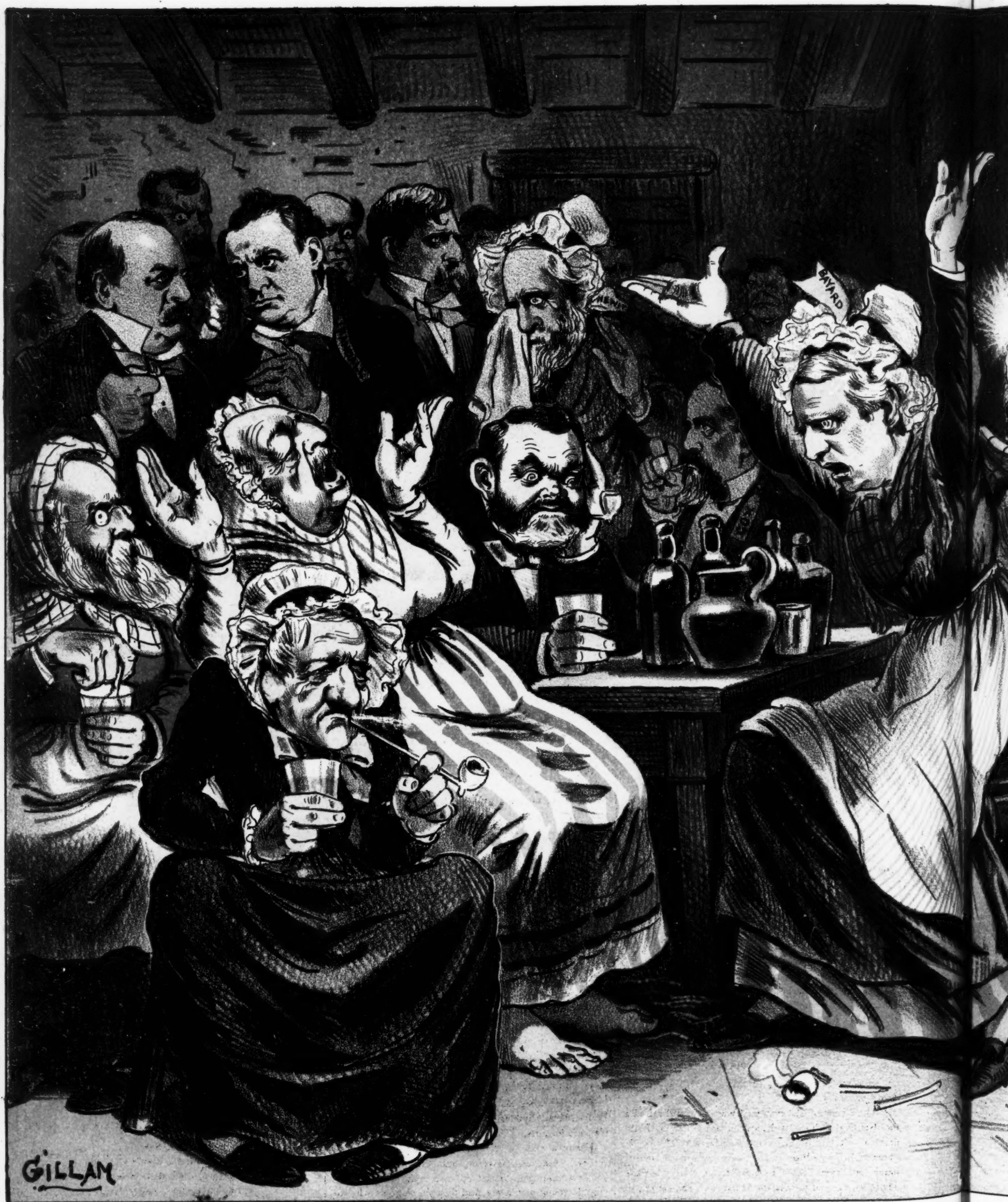
That he saw not the Rhine,

As she sat there beside him.

He saw not the Rhine—

Pray do not deride him.

BIAS.



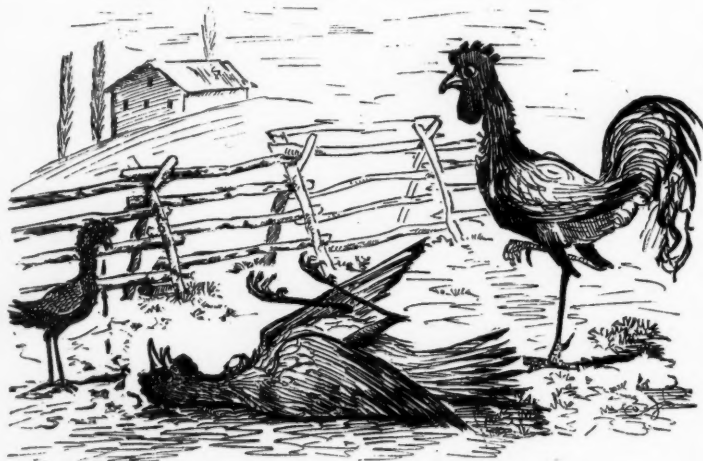
A NEW WAY OF "WAKING" THE
"CAPTAIN" CARLISLE SHOWS THAT



"G" THE DEMOCRATIC SHAUGHRAUN.
LE SEES THAT HE IS UP TO SNUFF.

THE END OF FAMILY TROUBLES.

[SEE PUCK OF JULY 4TH AND SEPT. 19TH, 1883.]



MAMA (dying).
 "I die, my child: no more these wings
 Will shield you from life's storm.
 Take care of pa. See that he brings
 Your usual morning worm."

PA (bracing up).
 "Death comes to us all—it is the rule;
 We've lost your erring mother."
 [Aside.] "I'll send Mary Jane to a board-
 ing-school,
 And be looking around for another."

THE HON. EPHRAIM MUGGINS.

HE PROPOSES TO FOUND A SCHOOL FOR BURGLARY.

More Encouragement Needed for the Noble Arts and Sciences.

We live in a wonderful age. We make the most astounding progress in some things; and in other things our progress is not so progressive.

Take the art of burgling, for instance. There have been some few improvements in this art, perhaps, since the time of Zoroaster the nifty and Metonymy the loose; but not many. In the main, the devotees of this art have just about as hard a time of it now as they had then.

They still have to prowl around in the dark, get into the house as best they can, as no gentle hand leads them in—no cheery voice gives them welcome greeting—no smiling maiden meets them on the thresh-

old; but they sneak in by way of some ruptured window-pane, or squeeze through a diminished square of a panel, and grope around in the dark, just as they used to do in old Clytemnestra's time, and run the risk of coming in contact with a perforating bullet, or a soul-thrilling club, and then must, per force, be content to retire with what slim loot they may chance to find withal.

This is all wrong. It makes a man's hair curl to think of the narrow squeak the poor but honest burglar has for his life.

We need more open-hearted open-heartedness; more spontaneous spontaneity; more generous generosity on the part of hard-hearted and lunk-headed house-holders.

Why don't they open their doors and say: "Walk in!"? Why don't they put a card up on the front of their houses:

FREE ENTRANCE
TO
BURGLARS.

OR:

BURGLARS
WELCOME!

The science of burglary ought to be taught in our public schools as a branch of popular education.

Since burglars are recognized among our most estimable citizens, and since the science or art of burglary enjoys the protection of the judiciary, it is no more than right and proper that both it and they should take their appropriate rank and station among other legitimate professors and professions in the world.

Let us have schools of burglary, just as we have schools of law and physic. Give the poor despised and down-trodden burglar a chance to exercise his vocation with other politicians and professors of music.

Let clergymen and Anthony Comstock and other ministers and members of the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Insects" interest themselves in this matter, and see to it that this honorable profession lies no longer under the ban of contumacious contumely.

Since the protecting arm of the law has been thrown around these short-crop and striped-trousers gentry, let them no longer be ostracized by our best society. Allow them to let their hair grow, and to doff their stripes and don the doe-skin of the dude.

This will be doing a truly Christian and philanthropic work, which will tend to elevate this time-honored profession, and the humble artisans who make it their vocation—or, possibly, only their avocation—to that station in the realm of society where poesy and art and music and philology and psychology and conchology and nosology and sociology are wont to meet and mingle and wander and sport amid the zephyrs of the surrounding azure zenith of the corrugated dome of the universal universe, and ply their soft arts amid perennial jocundity and congenial congeniality.

Yours burgraciously,

EPHRAIM MUGGINS.

A NOVEMBER SKETCH.

[Mr. Burdette's Popular Skeleton Poem Filled up by Another Poet.]

(JUST THE PRIMING COAT.)

All the golden-rod is gone,
 Tidy dum;
 And the dead leaves on the lawn,
 Lumty tum,
 Tell me that the summer's fled,
 And the butterflies are dead,
 And the tennis days are sped,
 Tidy dum.

Chill November's dreary skies,
 Cold and gray,
 Seem to tum de dah surprise
 Tumti day;
 And the sobbing of the brook,
 In the tal de di nook,
 Brings the tra la la la crook
 By the way.

But the dying sunset's glow
 In the west
 Lifts, its rol de dol to show
 On its crest.
 By the hill-tops touched with gold
 Rum dum dum, in splendor rolled,
 Tul lal lal in glory fold
 Of the blest.

When life's summer-time is spent
 Here below,
 And its lum to tum is blent
 Ho, ho, ho,
 Winter skies fal lal lal dal clear;
 For the ta de da is near,
 And the rum to tum appear
 Soft and low.

—Robert J. Burdette,
 in Burlington Hawkeye.

(SECOND COAT.)

All the golden-rod is gone,
 Each bright spear;
 And the dead leaves on the lawn,
 Brown and sear,
 Tell me that the summer's fled,
 And the butterflies are dead,
 And the tennis days are sped,
 Winter's near.

Chill November's dreary skies,
 Cold and gray,
 Seem to ruthlessly surprise
 Summer's day;
 And the sobbing of the brook,
 In the now unshaded nook,
 Brings dead boughs to twist and crook
 By the way.

But the sunset's dying glow
 In the west
 Lifts, its crimson crown to show
 On its crest.
 By the hill-tops touched with gold
 Glorious clouds, in splendor rolled,
 All the land in glory fold
 Of the blest.

When life's summer-time is spent
 Here below,
 And its green and gold is blent
 With the snow,
 Winter's skies shall yet be clear;
 For a fairer land is near,
 And its glories shall appear
 Soft and low.

—Modestly Anonymous
 Puck Contributor.

A SAMPLE PAGE FROM ANY COLLEGE PAPER.

DUDE COLLEGE ECHO.

23

College Clippings.

Prex is getting bald.
 Do you row in the 'Varsity eight?
 Where is '89?

"Jiminy Oscar," '85,
 was seen out late Thursday
 evening on the campus.
 Better look out, Jiminy.
 Who stole Binks, '85's
 books?

'85's crew is going into
 training.

Pay up your subscription
 to the *Echo*.

Sprigger, '87, cuts chapel.
 So they say.

Somebody hurt his ankle
 in the Gym last week.

Query: Does Jimmy
 Mundy know Horace when
 he sees him?

The boss mormon girl is
 said to be Polly Andrews.
 Polyandrous—see?

Did you scoop a max?

Our Poetical Department.

THE MAIDEN AND THE
 SOPHOMORE.

AN IDYL.

BY "BERTSY."

Oh, the maiden was fair,
 and the sophomore fresh—
 Oh, ho, tra la la la!
 And that's how he got
 himself into a fine mess—
 Tralala la la loo!

For he bowed to the maid
 with a dignified air,
 And he stepped on the
 pavement, some orange-
 peel was there,
 And his heels went flying
 up in the cool air,
 Tralala la la la loo!



Irrepressible Small Brother of Miss Rosalind Rosebud,
 to Cribber McCoach, '84, who is very much smitten.—
 "Say, ain't you the man my Aunt Jane said was a ped-
 ant? But if you marry Rosalind, you'll be my peduncle,
 won't you?"

ALNASCHAR AGAIN.

"Business has been mighty dull at the store to-day, Octavia," said Dudley Slip to his wife one afternoon, on his return from down-town: "I only took in five dollars altogether, and two half-dollars of that turned out to be lead ones."

"Business always *is* dull at the store, it seems to me," answered his wife, who, if she had been an astronomer, would have told us all about the unknown half of the moon, such a faculty did she have of looking on the dark side.

"Well, well!" rejoined Mr. Slip, consolingly: "it isn't always so; and then think of the glorious chances to make money we see all around us! Now, if I had five thousand dollars, I'd go down to Wall Street and buy two hundred and fifty Lackawanna and two hundred and fifty Lake Shore. If I held them three months, Lackawanna would be ten points higher at least—perhaps fifteen, which is likely enough. Well, call it ten—that's two thousand five hundred dollars profit, for I'd pay interest and commissions out of the odd fractions. That money, with the margin, would be five thousand dollars—doubled my capital already, you see. I put this into Western town-lots, in some place where there is a lively real estate boom, and sell out for a hundred per cent advance, which is figuring it rather low than otherwise. Meanwhile I sell out my Shore for one hundred and fifteen—cost me one hundred—profit, three thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars. Put this into stocks again, long or short, according to the course of the market, and can't help making as much more. Then, adding what I have made in the other speculation—by George, how these things count up! I'm blessed if it don't make more than seventeen thousand dollars! With this amount of capital, I'll be worth one hundred thousand dollars in two or three years, and then I'll branch out. I'm going to buy that vacant lot on Great Scott Street, and build a fine house on it. I shall build the house of rough-hammered granite, with a Mansard-roof—"

"No, you sha'n't!" interrupted Mrs. Slip, who had been listening with much interest: "I won't have it! I always hated a Mansard-roof, and no house of mine shall ever have one. We'll have a flat roof, with a parapet all round it. Then I want a conservatory on the west side, next to Judge Jones's library."

"But that shuts off the Judge's view. Perhaps he won't like it."

"What do we care?" snapped Mrs. Slip: "Judge Jones is no better off than we are—he isn't worth more than ninety thousand dollars himself. He can do as he likes on his side of the fence, and we'll do the same on ours."

"Besides, my dear," said her husband: "you know he is a director of the Durable Sandwich Manufacturing Company, and, as I mean to put twenty thousand dollars into it, he won't care to offend me about a trifle."

"Then," went on Mrs. Slip: "we want a carriage and span, of course."

"Of course," replied Mr. Slip, putting his hands in his pockets and crossing his legs in a comfortable, capitalistic sort of way: "Those little things need hardly be spoken of. But what are you going to do while I am away?"

"Where are you going?" inquired Mrs. Slip, anxiously.

"Oh, I shall have to go West quite frequently, to look after my extensive interests there, and shall be absent a good part of every summer. A man like me, who can put thousands of dollars into anything he pleases, is always run after by speculators, and must look sharp before he makes a plunge."

"Well, I can get along by myself for a few months," said Mrs. Slip, who had mentally determined to hold a reception every night that she didn't give a ball: "you can leave me some

A PROPHECY OF POSSIBILITY.



THE MILLIONAIRE'S STABLE OF THE FUTURE, IF THE ARCHAIC RAGE BE NOT CHECKED IN TIME.

—Fliegende Blätter.

money—say five thousand dollars—and perhaps I can make that do till you come back."

"Do I understand you to say, Octavia," exclaimed her husband, in horrified tones, remonstrating against his wife's demand for money from mere force of habit: "that you want to spend that amount of money in a single summer? I cannot permit such extravagance."

"I really don't see why a man as rich as you are should grudge his wife such a little sum as that!" said Mrs. Slip, beginning to wink very fast and to twist up her mouth in a significant manner: "I wouldn't, if I were in your place, I'm sure!"

"I repeat," rejoined Mr. Slip, with exactly the air of a bank president refusing a heavy loan: "that I cannot allow you any such amount. I think two thousand dollars amply sufficient."

Mrs. Slip began to cry. "I never, never thought this of you, Dudley!" she sobbed: "never, never! Oh, take me back to mother, and keep your horrid money to yourself!"

"Why, Octavia!" ejaculated her tender-hearted spouse: "Don't cry—please don't! You shall have what you want—certainly you shall—five, eight, ten thousand dollars, if you wish. Name the sum, and I'll draw a check this minute! Come, take fifteen, or my whole fortune!"

Mrs. Slip smiled through her tears at this evidence of affection.

"Five thousand will do, darling!" she whispered.

"It is yours!" cried her joyful husband.

At this point the servant-girl came in with a slip of paper.

"Plaze, sur, the butcher siz he's owing a tre-menjus dale of money, an' cudn't yez settle this little bill—sivin dollars an' sivity-sivin cints?" There was a dreadful pause.

"I haven't got the money," said Mr. Slip.

MANLEY H. PIKE.

—The tobacco of the club room ought to be of the purest kind and most delicate fragrance. Where many enjoy their pipes or cigarettes together, the air soon becomes heavy and offensive unless they are very particular about their choice of brands. Gentlemen of refined tastes secure Blackwell's Durham Long Cut.

Lundborg's Perfume, Edenia.
Lundborg's Perfume, Maréchal Niel Rose.
Lundborg's Perfume, Alpine Violet.
Lundborg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.

PURITY AND EXCELLENCE are salient features of "Sweet Bouquet" Cigarettes. Try them and you will buy no others.

The sufferer from Itching Piles finds a true friend in the Swayne's Ointment.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

To insure prompt attention, Advertisers will please hand in their copy for new announcements or alterations at least one week ahead of the issue in which they are to appear. Forms are closed on Friday at ten o'clock A. M.

PUBLISHERS PUCK.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Numbers 6, 9, 10, 14, 16, 22, 25, 26, 29, 38, 53, 56, 58, 67, 69, 72, 74, 76, 79, 85, 87 and 108 of English Puck will be bought at this office at 10 cents per copy.

A SAFE STIMULANT INSIDE AND OUT!!

In Cases of Colic or Cramp caused by imprudence in eating or by cold, a teaspoonful or two of "**BROWN'S GINGER**" in a little hot water will carry comfort to the sufferer, and when the prompt effect of a **MUSTARD PLASTER** is needed, a flannel wet thoroughly with "**BROWN'S GINGER**" will warm the surface of the person well and do no harm.

Ask for the **GENUINE** (Original) **Old-Fashioned, Fred. Brown's** Essence of Jamaica Ginger.

REMEMBER!

FREDERICK BROWN'S,

PHILADELPHIA.

**WATCHES, DIAMONDS, JEWELRY,
STERLING SILVERWARE,
PLATEDWARE and
OPTICAL GOODS
FOR HOLIDAY PRESENTS.**

PRICES LOW, QUALITY CORRECT, AND
ASSORTMENT LARGE.
Save money by leaving orders with
PACHTMANN & MOELICH.

363 CANAL STREET, NEW YORK.
PRICE LIST FREE. ESTABLISHED 1830.

**SPECIAL LINE OF OVERCOATINGS,
KERSEYS, MELTONS, ETC.
Fine Custom Tailoring.**

NICOLL, "the Tailor"

620 BROADWAY 620.

139-151 BOWERY, N. Y.

Samples and SELF-MEASUREMENT chart mailed on application.

BRANCH STORES IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES.

FALL STYLES.

IN THE MOONLIGHT.

PANTOUM.

Do you know how lovely you are
As you sit in the soft moonlight?
While you pensively gaze afar,
Are you unaware of it quite?

As you sit in the soft moonlight,
To me it is manifest—
Are you unaware of it quite—
That the pensive look suits you best?

To me it is manifest—
Have you often been told before
That the pensive look suits you best?
Am I the first one to adore?

Have you often been told before
How charming are upturned eyes?
Am I the first one to adore?
Do you find it quite a surprise?

How charming are upturned eyes;
Do you know how lovely you are?
Do you find it quite a surprise,
While you pensively gaze afar?

—Alice Trumbull Learned, in Life.

THE only occasion upon which railway trains in the United States are known to attain a speed of eighty-five miles an hour is when you sweep in sight of a station with your overcoat only half on, and see the train you want just starting out. Before you can reach the platform, a shot from a Parrot-gun couldn't catch that train. She may jolt along at twelve miles all the rest of the day; but for about one minute, as you go charging down the platform, she makes an easy hundred. —Burlington Hawkeye.

ASTROLOGISTS assert that Mary Anderson's beauty is due to the fact that Jupiter, Venus and the earth were in conjunction at her birth. An opinion very generally prevails that these planets had retired from the conjunction business when General Butler and Doctor Mary Walker were born. —Norristown Herald.

It is a sight worthy of an artist's crayon to see a woman, while talking through a telephone to her grocer three miles away, stamping her little foot and shaking her fist as though the poor man was quailing right before her. —Yonkers Statesman.

"Plasters may relieve, but they can't cure that lame back, for the kidneys are the trouble and you want a remedy to act directly on their secretions, to purify and restore their healthy condition. Kidney-Wort has that specific action."

Angostura Bitters, the world renowned appetizer and invigorator. Used now over the whole civilized world. Try it, but beware of imitations. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

SOHMER

Grand **PIANOS** And Upright
Square
Received First Prize Centennial Exhibition, Philadelphia, 1876.
Received First Prize at Exhibition, Montreal, Canada, 1881 and 1882.

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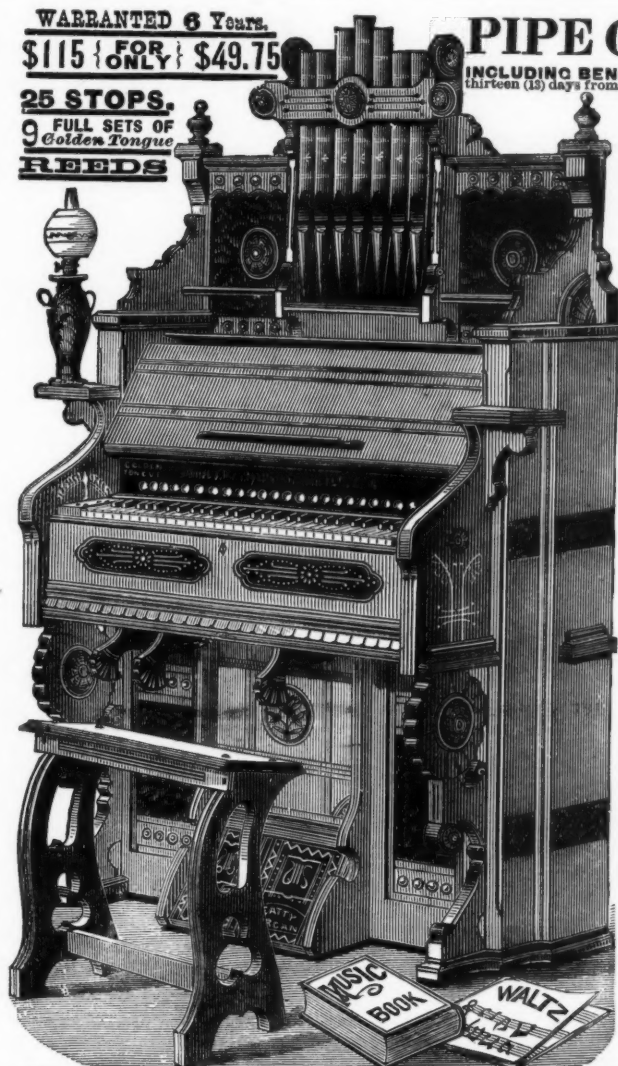


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INCLUDING BENCH, BOOK AND MUSIC, provided you order within thirteen (13) days from date of this newspaper, or if you order within five days a further reduction of Four Dollars (\$4.00) will be allowed.

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unable to buy now, write your reasons why. Remember this offer cannot be con-
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the following brief description and let me hear from you anyway, whether you
buy or not.

25 USEFUL STOPS, AS FOLLOWS:

1-Vox Celeste.-The sweet, pure, ex-
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beyond description.
2-Powerful Box Sub-Bass.-New and
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3-Double Octave Coupler.-Doubles
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25-Grand Organ. The last fifteen (15) Stops are operated in direct conjunction
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NINE SETS PARIS AND GOLDEN TONGUE REEDS, as follows: 1st, Five
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Five Full Octaves, Manual or Keyboard. Handsome Walnut Case, with
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IMPORTANT NOTICE.-This Special Limited Offer is positively not
good on and after the limited time has expired, and to secure the Special
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Given under my Hand and Seal,
this

Dec. 12th, 1883.

Daniel F. Beatty

This notice, if sent by any reader of the
PUCK,
together with only \$45.75 or \$49.75 CASH
by P. O. Money Order, Registered Letter, Check
or Bank Draft, mailed within five (5) or thirteen
(13) days, as specified, I hereby agree to receive
same in full payment for one of my Pipe Organs
New Style, No. 2,990, &c. Money refunded, with
interest at 6 per cent. from date of your remit-
tance, if not as represented, after year's use.
Signed, **DANIEL F. BEATTY**.

unable to accept this OFFER NOW, write me your reasons why. Let me hear
from you anyway. Friends of yours may desire an ORGAN. Call their attention to
this advertisement. If they are from home mail this offer to them. If you can con-
veniently help me extend the sale of these POPULAR INSTRUMENTS I shall certainly
appreciate your efforts. If you should, if possible, order within Five Days, thus
securing the \$4.00 extra. Remember, positively no orders for this handsome Pipe
Organ will be executed for less than the regular price, \$115.00, after the limited time,
as specified above, has expired; thus, if you order within 5 days it costs \$45.75; within
13 days, \$49.75; after that date, \$115.00 each.

My sole object is to have it intro-
duced without delay, so as to sell
thousands at the Regular Price for
CHRISTMAS PRESENTS,
and to this end I am willing to offer
first Organ as an ADVERTISEMENT,
at a sacrifice, as every one sold sells
others. All I ask in return of you
is to show the instrument to your
friends, who are sure to order at the
REGULAR PRICE, \$115.00
The instrument speaks for itself, it
sings its own praises. If you are
from you anyway. Let me hear
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He falls into the pew and slides easily into
the most comfortable corner. He shakes him-
self down into a comfortable attitude. His legs
extend under the pew in front and meet his
hips at the crookedest of obtuse angles. He
crooks his pliant elbow into the arm of the pew,
and drops the side of his face into the fearful
hollow of his hand, by means of which he pushes
his cheek into his eye. His shoulders are nearly
on a level with his head. Every time you look
at him you expect to see him slide out of sight.
And although you are a good man, sometimes
you wish he would, and never come up again.
—Burdette, in *Hawkeye*.

THE time for securing a divorce in the Chi-
cago courts has been cut down to forty minutes,
and the hotel-keepers are kicking about it.
They want it extended to at least six hours, so
that travelers coming for divorces will have to
stop long enough to eat at least one meal.—
Phila. Kromikle-Herald.

AN exchange says that recently a New York
policeman got drunk on duty. We did not
know that New York policemen were fond
enough of duty to become intoxicated with it.
—*Phila. Call*.

THE Navy is to have a new uniform, and the
query is whether there will be enough cloth left
in the country for a pair of coat-tails for a po-
liceman.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Men of all ages, who suffer from Low Spirits,
Nervous Debility and premature Decay, may have
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BAKER'S Breakfast Cocoa.

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Cocoa, from which the excess of
Oil has been removed. It has three
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with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar,
and is therefore far more economi-
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for circulars, &c., \$8 to \$75. For young
or old, business or pleasure. Everything
easy, printed directions. Send 2 stamps
for Catalogue of presses, Type, Cards,
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ARNHEIM THE TAILOR, 190 and 192 BOWERY, Cor SPRING ST. GREAT REDUCTION.

Elegant Trousers, made to measure, at \$4
Fine Suits, " " " " 16
Overcoats, " " " " 15

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SUPERIOR QUALITY—HIGH CLASS MUSIC BOXES



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OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till Cured.
Dr. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio

AN exchange heads an item "A Brutal Dog-Fight." We did not read it, as we take no interest in "brutal" dog-fights; they are too common. An æsthetic or a gentlemanly dog-fight would be worth perusing, for its novelty, if for nothing else.—*Boston Transcript.*

Love's young dream in 1883.

"Yes, George dear, I accept your proffered love and will be your wife," and a pair of strong arms clasped her tightly, lovingly.

"You have heard, of course," she said, from under the lapel of his coat: "that father has failed?"

"No, I hadn't heard that," said George, weakening his grip a little.

"Yes," she continued, nestling more closely to him: "he failed last week, and—"

"That puts a different phase upon matters entirely," said George, struggling to break loose, but the girl held him fast and continued:

"And settled with his creditors at two cents on the dollar, and—"

"Nay, dearest," interrupted George, passionately: "do not speak of such sordid matters. Let us think only of love, and the happiness which the bright future has in store—"

But, gentle reader, let us leave them in their young love and perfect trust.—*Phila. Call.*

"How stupid I am!" said Birdie McHennepin, languidly, executing at the same time quite a respectable yawn act.

"That's true," remarked Gus DeSmith, rather impulsively.

"Sir!" exclaimed Birdie: "you are impertinent."

"But you yourself just now asserted that you were stupid."

"I only said so without thinking," said Birdie, petulantly.

"Yes, and up to the time you spoke I had only thought so without saying it."

Hang crape on the door of Miss Birdie. Another lover scratched off the list of one of the Austin belles.—*Texas Siftings.*

A VERY unsatisfactory sort of bread—The roll of fame.—*Cin. Saturday Night.*

Angostura Bitters are endorsed by all the leading physicians and chemists, for their purity and wholesomeness. Beware of counterfeits and ask your grocer and druggist for the genuine article, prepared by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

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We are offering the balance of our Paris Models in Suits, Dinner, Reception, Party and Ball Dresses, Cloaks, Wraps, Ulsters, and those of our own manufacture, at greatly reduced prices; also, Children's and Misses' Suits, Costumes and Ulsters, equally low.

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We are reliably informed that Mayor Beatty, of Washington, New Jersey, is manufacturing and shipping a complete organ every five minutes, and that he has over 5,000 constantly in progress of manufacture. If you desire to secure his latest limited time price of only \$45.75, you should be sure to order within five days from date of this newspaper. Read his advertisement, and order without delay.

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WHAT TO GIVE AS A

CHRISTMAS PRESENT



To your mother, daughter, sister, sweet-
heart (as the case may be) puzzles many
a man's head just now. To solve this
problem you have but to call on

H. C. F. KOCH & SON,
where you can buy for \$25.00 a handsome

Seal Plush Sacque

With Quilted Satin Lining,
Like this cut, or any other fashionable

WINTER WRAP

That you may desire, at any
PRICE TO SUIT YOUR POCKET.

They have the best assortment of

Shawls, Velvets, Silks, Dress Goods, Laces,
Furs, Handkerchiefs, Jewelry,

In fact everything to make A LADY'S HEART REJOICE.

Whatever you may buy before Christmas is sold
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Remember we claim and maintain that our prices are lower
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POCKET \$1.00 THE ANTI-STYLOGRAPH DESK \$1.50
SIZE (HEARSON'S PATENT U.S.A.) SIZE

A reservoir Penholder, carrying a nibbed pen and sufficient ink
for many hours' continuous writing. Ready for instant use with-
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Fitted with Palladium Pen, iridium-pointed, \$2.50.
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but a true PEN with nibs, to suit all writers. It preserves all
the usual characteristics of the handwriting, and may therefore
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To any reader of this paper who will agree to show our goods
and try to influence sales among friends we will send postpaid two
full sizes Ladies' Gossamer Rubber Waterproof Garments as sam-
ples, provided you cut this out and return with 25 cents to pay
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50 Elegant Imp. Chromo Cards, name in new script type, only
10c., 13 pks. \$1, or 10 pks. for \$1 and choice free of hand-
some gold ring, plain, chased, fancy or stone setting, or tortoise
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I have a positive re-
medy for the above dis-
ease; by its use thou-
sands of cases of the
worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong
is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, to-
gether with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any suffer-
er. Express & P.O. address D. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

IT PAYS to sell our Hand Rubber Stamps. Samples
free. FOLJAMBE & CO., Cleveland, O.

TWO FATAL DEFECTS.—Mrs. Jenkins—"Dear
me, Matilda Jane, it's no use trying to be aris-
tocratic any longer. I've done everything mortal
woman could since your pa did so well in
lumber; but the obstacles is too great. I give
it up."

Matilda Jane—"Why, ma, I think we're
getting along splendid, I'm sure. We don't eat
with our knives any more, and we've got so we
dare speak to the butler at dinner. The way
you say 'James, you may go,' sounds like a
queen talking. What is the trouble now?"

Mrs. Jenkins—"Well, I was reading only a
little while ago that the gout and a family feud
were necessary adjuncts to aristocracy, and I
don't see any prospect of securing either."
Philadelphia Call.

THE Amherst student gives a few reasons why
girls cannot play base-ball. Among those rea-
sons are: "In the female the articulation of the
humerus with the ulna and radius is imperfect.
The smallness of the ribs, thinness of the scapu-
la and the shortness of the clavicle unite to
prevent her from reaching high balls. The un-
usually large size of the triceps extensor also
militates against her success." Now that's all
nice and scientific; but if a woman is incapaci-
tated by nature for throwing a base-ball, how
can she hurl a stone tea-pot with such accuracy?
If she can't swing a ball-bat, how can she hit
with a rolling-pin so like Gehenna?—*New Or-
leans Picayune.*

It is reported that Herbert Spencer's works
are appearing in Japanese. The tea-box legends
will be less intelligible than ever.—*Cin. Satur-
day Night.*

BULWER was correct; there is no such word
as "fail"; it is mollified down into "assign-
ment."—*Hawkeye.*

*Many a sickly woman, whose sad experience had
demonstrated alike the failure of conceited doctors
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life for a few dollars worth of the Vegetable Com-
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